NUMB. DXLII.

The SPECTATOR.

Et ſibi præferri ſe gaudet —— Ov.

Friday, November 21. 1712.

WHEN I have been preſent in Aſſemblies where my Paper has been talked of, I have been very well pleaſed to hear thoſe who would detract from the Author of it obſerve, that the Letters which are ſent to the *Spectator* are as good, if not better, than any of his Works. Upon this Occaſion many Letters of Mirth are uſually mentioned, which ſome think the *Spectator* writ to himſelf, and which others Commend becauſe they fancy he received them from his Correſpondents: Such are theſe from the *Valetudinarian*; the Inſpector of the Sign-poſts; the Maſter of the Fan Exerciſe: with that of the Hooped Petticoat; that of *Nicholas Hart* the annual Sleeper; that from Sir *John Enfield*; that upon the *London* Cries; with Multitudes of the ſame Nature. As I love nothing more than to mortifie the Ill-natured, that I may do it effectually, I muſt acquaint them, they have very often praiſed me when they did not deſign it, and that they have approved my Writings when they thought they had derogated from them. I have heard ſeveral of theſe unhappy Gentlemen proving, by undeniable Arguments, that I was not able to pen a Letter which I had written the Day before. Nay, I have heard ſome of them throwing out ambiguous Expreſſions, and giving the Company Reaſon to ſuſpect, that they themſelves did me the Honour to ſend me ſuch or ſuch a particular Epiſtle, which happened to be talked of with the Eſteem or Approbation of thoſe who were preſent. Theſe rigid Criticks are ſo afraid of allowing me any thing which does not belong to me, that they will not be poſitive whether the Lion, the wild Boar, and the Flower-pots in the Play-houſe did not actually write thoſe Letters which came to me in their Names. I muſt therefore inform theſe Gentlemen, that I often chuſe this way of caſting my Thoughts into a Letter, for the following Reaſons; Firſt, out of the Policy of thoſe who try their Jeſt upon another, before they own it themſelves. Secondly, becauſe I would extort a little Praiſe from ſuch who will never applaud any thing whoſe Author is known and certain. Thirdly, becauſe it gave me an Opportunity of introducing a great variety of Characters into my Work, which could not have been done, had I always written in the Perſon of the *Spectator*. Fourthly, becauſe the Dignity Spectatorial would have ſuffered, had I publiſhed as from my ſelf thoſe ſeveral ludicrous Compoſitions which I have aſcribed to fictitious Names and Characters. And laſtly, becauſe they often ſerve to bring in, more naturally, ſuch additional Reflections as have been placed at the End of them.

There are others who have likewiſe done me a very particular Honour, though undeſignedly. Theſe are ſuch who will needs have it, that I have tranſlated or borrowed many of my Thoughts out of Books which are written in other Languages. I have heard of a Perſon, who is more famous for his Library than his Learning, that has aſſerted this more than once in his private Converſation. Were it true, I am ſure he could not ſpeak it from his own Knowledge; but had he read the Books which he has collected, he would find this Accuſation to be wholy groundleſs. Thoſe who are truly learned will acquit me in this Point, in which I have been ſo far from offending, that I have been ſcrupulous perhaps to a Fault in quoting the Authors of ſeveral Paſſages which I might have made my own. But as this Aſſertion is in reality an Encomium on what I have publiſhed, I ought rather to glory in it, than endeavour to confute it.

Some

Some are so very willing to alienate from me that small Reputation which might accrue to me from any of these my Speculations, that they attribute some of the best of them to those imaginary Manuscripts with which I have introduced them. There are others, I must confess, whose Objections have given me a greater Concern, as they seem to reflect, under this Head, rather on my Morality than on my Invention. These are they who say an Author is guilty of Falsehood, when he talks to the Publick of Manuscripts which he never saw, or describes Scenes of Action or Discourse in which he was never engaged. But these Gentlemen would do well to consider, there is not a Fable or Parable which ever was made use of, that is not liable to this Exception; since nothing, according to this Notion, can be related innocently which was not once Matter of Fact. Besides, I think the most ordinary Reader may be able to discover, by my way of writing, what I deliver in these Occurrences as Truth, and what as Fiction.

Since I am unawares engaged in answering the several Objections which have been made against these my Works, I must take Notice that there are some who think a Paper of this Nature should always turn upon diverting Subjects, and others who find Fault with every one of them that hath not an immediate Tendency to the advancement of Religion or Learning. I shall leave these Gentlemen to dispute it out among themselves, since I see one half of my Conduct patronized by each side. Were I serious on an improper Subject, or trifling in a serious one, I should deservedly draw upon me the Censure of my Readers; or were I conscious of any thing in my Writings that is not innocent at least, or that the greatest part of them were not sincerely designed to discountenance Vice and Ignorance, and support the Interest of true Wisdom and Virtue, I should be more severe upon my self than the Publick is disposed to be. In the mean while I desire my Reader to consider every particular Paper or Discourse as a distinct Tract by it self, and independant of every thing that goes before or after it.

I shall end this Paper with the following Letter, which was really sent me, as several others have been which I have published, and for which I must own my self indebted to their respective Writers

SIR,

'I Was this Morning in a Company of your Well-'wishers, when we read over, with great Sa-'tisfaction, *Tully*'s Observations on Action adapt-'ed to the *British* Theatre: Though, by the way, 'we were very sorry to find that you have disposed 'of another Member of your Club. Poor Sir *Ro-'ger* is dead, and the worthy Clergyman dying. 'Captain *Sentry* has taken Possession of a fair Estate, '*Will. Honeycomb* has married a Farmer's Daugh-'ter, and the *Templar* withdraws himself into the 'Business of his own Profession. What will all 'this end in! We are afraid it portends no Good 'to the Publick. Unless you very speedily fix a 'Day for the Election of new Members, we are 'under Apprehensions of losing the *British Spe-'ctator*. Fear of a Party of Ladies who intend 'to address you on this Subject, and question not, 'if you do not give us the Slip very suddenly, that 'you will receive Petitions from all Parts of the 'Kingdom to continue so useful a Work. Pray 'deliver us out of this Perplexity, and among the 'Multitude of your Readers you will particularly 'oblige

Your most Sincere Friend and Servant,

Philo-Spec.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

By her Majesty's Company of Comedians.

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane this present Friday being the 21st Day of November, will be presented a Play call'd The Tempest: or, The Inchanted Island, as it was alter'd from Shakespear by Sir Wil. D'avenant, and the late Mr. Dryden, Poets Laureat. With Scenes Machines, and all the Original Decorations proper to the Play. By Her Majesty's Command no Persons are to be admitted behind the Scenes.

Never Perform'd before.

AT the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market, on Saturday next, being the 22d Day of November, will be presented a new Opera call'd The Faithful Shepherd. Compos'd by Mr. Handel. The Parts to be performed by Signior Cavaliero Valentino Pellegrini, Signior Valentino Urbani, Signiora Pilotti Schiavonetti, Signiora Margaretta de l'Epine, Mrs. Cuthier and Mr. Leveridge.

At Barbers and Surgeons Hall in Mugwell-street near Cripplegate, on Monday the 24th of November, will be performed by Subscription, a Consort of Vocal and Instrumental Musick viz. Hautboys, German Flute, Kettledrums, Trumpets, Oboys, Flutes, Violins, and Singing by several Masters: for the Benefit of Mr. Cook. Tickets may be had at the Ben. Johnson's Head Chancewell-Side, and at the Hall, Ale-house over against the Hall.

The Annual Feast for the Sons of the Clergy will be held at Merchant Taylors Hall in Threadneedle-Street, on Thursday the 4th Day of December next. Tickets to be had at Mr. Huff's a Haberdasher of Hats between the two Temple Gates, Mr. Richard Wright's at the Black Periwig in Bread-Street, Mr. William Henlson's next Door to Old Man's Coffee House near Charing Cross, Batson's Coffee-House against the Royal-Exchange, Mr. Henry Stretar Watchmaker in Exchange-Alley, Child's Coffee-House in St. Paul's Church Yard, Brown's Coffee-House in Mitre Court Fleet-Street, Oliver's Coffee-House at Westminster Hall Gate, and Anderton's Coffee-House in Fleet-Street. N. B. Sermons are provided for the Year ensuing.

AN Entertainment by Mr. CLINCH of Barnet, who imitates the Flute, Double Curtel, the Organ with 3 Voices, the Horn, Huntsman and Pack of Hounds, the Shern Dog, the Old Woman, the Drunken Man, the Bells: All Instruments are performed by his natural Voice. To which is added an Essex Song by Mr. Clinch himself. To be seen this present Evening at 7 a Clock, at the Queen's Arms Tavern on Ludgate-Hill. Price 1 s.

This Day is Publish'd,

A Sermon Preached before the Rt. Honourable the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens of London, at the Cathedral Church of St. Paul's, November 5, 1712, by Thomas Sherlock, M. A. Master of the Temple, and Chaplain in Ordinary to her Majesty. Printed for J. Pemberton at the Golden Buck against St. Dunstan's Church Fleet-street price 3 d. Where may be had Mr. Sherlock's Sermon before the Sons of the Clergy, and the History of the Pontificate from its supposed beginning to the end of the Council of Trent A. D. 1563, &c. 8vo. price 6 s.

Thomas Fern Chyrurgeon, who has cur'd several Hundreds of the King's Evil, and all kind of Leprous as well as Scrofulous Humours, for above Twenty Years, Lives in Grange Court near the Lime Inn Inn. His Treatise of the Evil is Sold by D. Brown, at the Black Swan without Temple Barr; G. Strahan, at the Golden Ball in Cornhill; and at the Author's House, pr. 2 s. 6 d. Bound, 1 s. Stitcht. Where may be had Mr. Morrice's Miscellanies, with his Essay on the Poets. Dedicated to the Duke of Buckingham.

LONDON: Printed for *S. Buckley*, and *J. Tonson*: And Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-lane*